THE STRATFORD JUBILEE.

A

NEW COMEDY

OF

TWO ACTS,

AS IT HAS BEEN LATELY EXHIBITED AT

STRATFORD UPON AVON,

WITH GREAT APPLAUSE.

To which is prefixed

SCRUB'S TRIP

TO THE

JUBILEE.

LONDON,

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M,DCC,LXIX.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

SAMUEL FOOTE, Eſq.

THE comic muſe in conſultation,
Where I ſhould point my dedication;
Kindly vouchſaf'd to recommend
Her warmeſt patron; ableſt friend:
Who with more skill than Warwick-Lane
Pale ſpleen can cure i' th' comic vein;
Then Sir! receive this haſty birth,
A ſlight attempt at harmleſs mirth;
Which dares not hope much critic praiſe,
Conceiv'd and born within eight days;
Your ſmiles much credit muſt reflect,
On him who ſigns, with juſt reſpect,

The AUTHOR.

SCRUB'S TRIP

TO THE

JUBILEE.

SPOKEN BY MR. WESTON.

FROM Stratford arriv'd — piping hot — gentle folks,
From the rareſt fine ſhows and moſt wonderful jokes,
Your ſimple acquaintance, Scrub, comes to declare
'Twas fuller by far than our Litchfield great fair,
Such crouds of fine ladies, ſerenading and ſinging
Such firing of loud pateraroes and ringing,
To tell it in London muſt ſeem all a fable
And yet I will tell it as well as I'm able:
Firſt ſomething in linguo of ſchools call'd an ode;
All critics they told me allow'd very good,
One ſaid — you may take it for truth I aſſure ye
'Twas made by the little great man of old Drury,
By my brother Martin — for whoſe ſake d'ye hear,
This night I'd a mind for a touch at Shakeſpeare*.
But honeſtly ſpeaking I take more delight in
A bit of good fun, than drums, trumpets and fighting.
The Proceſſion, 'twas ſaid, would have been a fine train;
But could not move forwards — oh la, for the rain.
Such tragical, comical folks and ſo fine —
What pity it was that the ſun did not ſhine,
Since ladies and baronets, aldermen, ſquires,
All went to this Jubilee full of deſires,
In crouds as they go for to ſee a new play
And when it was done — why they all came away.

* This alludes to Mr. Weſton's intention of playing Richard,

Don't

Don't let me forget — a main part of the ſhow
Was long tailed fine comets by fam'd Angelo,
Some turtle I got which they call'd paſhapee —
But honeſt roaſt beef's the beſt turtle for me.
I hate all ragouts, and, like a bold Briton,
Prefer good plumb pudding to ought I e'er bit on.
I drank too — and now I a poet may be —
From a charming fine cup of the mulberry tree.
To bed I muſt go — for which like a ninny
I paid — like my betters — no leſs than a guinea.
For rolling — not ſleeping — in linen ſo damp
As ſtruck my great toe ever ſince with the cramp,
Thus fleec'd — in my pocket I felt a great ſmarting
Yet griev'd not when I and the ſplinters were parting,
'Twas worth ten times more to hear ſweet brother Martin.
He ſpoke till poor Scrub was juſt fit, with one eye
To laugh, while the other was ready to cry:
Which makes me now tell you without any brag
He's ſecond to none but the Warwickſhire wag.
The Jubilee over, I come to this place
To tell you my ſtory and ſue for your grace.
You never refus'd it — yet never before
With granting ſuch kindneſs bound gratitude more.
I love but to own with a diligent ſpirit
Your favours have ever out-run my ſlight merit.

*** The reader will eaſily perceive that this Prologue is merely occaſional

To the PUBLIC.

THE Author thinks it incumbent upon him to obſerve, that the following Occaſional Piece was imagined, and put into its preſent State within the Space of a very few Days; and has ſome Reaſon to believe, that it would have been preſented at the Theatre Royal in the Hay-Market, if the Thought had been ſuggeſted in Time for Mr. FOOTE's Seaſon. Some kind, and perhaps partial Friends, having urged the Publication, it thus ſteps into Life with *many Imperfections on its Head*; yet not, the Author flatters himſelf, without ſome degree of Merit, to Apologize for ſubmitting it to Public Peruſal.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Lord Spangle.
Sir John Hearty.
Sir Charles Planwell.
Scrapeall.
Captain Blarney.
Paſquin.
Toby Dumplin.
Sleekem.
Longcork.

WOMEN.

Lady Shanker.
Mrs. Dumplin.
Emmeline.
Jackonet.

SCENE, Stratford upon Avon.

Time, the ſame as in Repreſentation.

THE STRATFORD JUBILEE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Sir John Hearty *and* Scrapeall.

Sir John. LET me see; half past five—enough for this evening.—To-morrow by dinner time we shall beat up the quarters of my old friend Jack Soakwell; rest with him two or three days, and then for Yorkshire.—What think you at present of a bottle of madeira and a pipe or two of Oroonoko to entertain us till supper time?

Scrapeall. I would rather be excused from drinking any thing Sir John.

Sir John. From paying any thing you mean—rpt the money old boy, what was it made for but circulation? why, you have more of it than you can count, and yet take as little enjoyment of life as if you was not worth a single shilling.

Scrapeall. Œconomy—œconomy is a very fine thing Sir John.

Sir John. Ay, ay, we have heard of that doctrine ſufficiently of late—but for my own part, I would have every man live according to his ſtation and circumſtances—not diſgrace and ſtarve himſelf for the ſake of hoarding raſcally pelf—therefore now I have got you out of the ſmoke of London you ſhall bleed a little.—Here, houſe!— [*Rings.*

Scrapeall. I never loved bleeding in my life; neither from my veins nor pockets.

Enter Longcork.

Long. Coming, Sir!—What would you pleaſe to have gentlemen?

Sir John. A bottle of madeira—clean pipes, and a paper of mild.

Long. You ſhall have them in a moment, Sir! [*Exit.*

Sir John. A ſmart well looking fellow that.

Scrap. Smart enough, I'll warrant him!—how the coxcomb's hair is plaiſtered with flour, which, I ſuppoſe, we muſt pay for!—Ah! no wonder money is ſcarce and proviſions dear, when ſuch a fellow as this waſtes, on his empty noddle, what would make a two-penny cake.

Sir John. At it again!—the ſame dull theme over-again!—Oons, ſo much of it, is worſe than a methodiſt ſermon an hour long, or a ſcolding wife when a man has got the head-ach.—Take a glaſs of Lethe, to the forgetfulneſs of care, old cent per cent, and live for this evening at leaſt.

Scrap. Lethe!—pray how much is that a bottle?

Sir John. A bottle!—ha! ha! ha!—ſtep into the other world and you may have hogſhead's for nothing.—But here comes my Lethe.

Enter

Enter Longcork.

Sir John. An honeſt ſoldier's bottle, faith!—Is it the right ſort friend?

Long. Good as ever was tipped.—Neat as imported, Sir.—Vintage ſixty two, five years in caſk and two in bottles.

Sir John. It has the right ſmack.—And how long have you lived here?

Long. Only two days, Sir.—Monſ. Fricaſſée, a celebrated French cook—the beſt hand at a turtle in Europe—and myſelf, came down from London in a poſt chaiſe and four laſt Saturday to aſſiſt at this here Jubilee.

Sir John. Jubilee! what's that?

Long. Good eating and drinking to the memory of Shakeſpeare, I believe.

Scrap. Shakeſpeare! what was he? the firſt woolcomber!

Long. Woolcomber! what do not you know Shakeſpeare, Sir?

Sir John. No!—how the devil ſhould we—he never lived in our neighbourhood.

Long. Nor the ſign of him in Covent-Garden, where I have the honour to reſide?

Scrap. No truly.

Long. What a couple of rum prigs!—I ſhall laugh in their faces.—[*Aſide.*] You muſt know, gentlemen, this Shakeſpeare was a writer of plays.

Scrap. I hate plays.

Sir John. Now I like them!—There's Whittington and his cat,—Captain Bateman.—Punch in the ſuds, and two or three more make me laugh by the hour;—and ſo becauſe this Shakeſpeare wrote ſuch things, the corporation meet to get drunk for joy.—Jolly dogs, I warrant them!

Long.

Long. Corporation!—what, Sir, do you think—a dozen French cooks, and fifty of the ſmarteſt waiters London can produce, would come to accommodate a pitiful country corporation!—No, no, gentlemen, all the world will be here!

Sir John. The Devil it will!

Long. True, upon my honour.—I'll engage you might fire cannon from the Royal Exchange to St. James's to morrow, without killing any thing but hackney-coachmen or apple-women:—London will be quite empty—entirely populated!——

Scrap. You lie—you lie, ſcape grace; Change-Alley won't be empty; and that's the beſt part of London!—A very fine thing indeed, if Eaſt India ſtock; South Sea; three per cents conſols and lottery tickets, were left for Jubilee, which, as I have heard, is a rank piece of popery, Sir John.

Sir John. Popery! adſo if that's the caſe it's time for me to look about!—I'll call a Bench upon it—I'll—but I am not of the peace for this county; however, at our quarter ſeſſions I can move for a petition againſt ſuch things.

Long. Lack-a-day, gentlemen, you need not be ſo angry!—Do you think if there was any religion in the matter, ſo many perſons of faſhion and quality would be concerned with it?

Sir John. Well ſaid, boy! I think there's no great danger!

Long. Quite innocent and polite, I aſſure you, Sir; if you want a deſcription, I can ſing you a new ſong juſt made upon the occaſion.

Sir John. With all my heart, honeſty.—Here wet the way firſt. [*Drinks.*

SONG.

SONG.

'Tis Shakeſpeare invites — to his Jubilee haſte,
All you who profeſs either ſpirit or taſte,
Young and old come away,
Be frolic be gay,
And let your old bard with due honour be grac'd.

Lo the call is obey'd — ſee! ſee, they approach,
From nimble tim whiſky, to the lumb'ring old coach.
Full bent one and all
On the Jubilee ball,
Which even Diogenes could not reproach.

Miſs Tripſy expecting that Stratford will prove
A delicate region of pleaſure and love;
Puts on her beſt face,
Adorn'd with each grace,
As ready to bill, and to coo as a dove.

To the market, old dowagers alſo repair,
With borrowed complexions, teeth, eye-brows, and hair;
Each wooes with her purſe,
For better for worſe,
The female that's wealthy muſt ſurely be fair.

Kept miſtreſſes too, and galant modiſh wives,
Whom I join as devoted to ſimilar lives;
Set out on the jaunt,
To ogle and flaunt,
Who, who can reſiſt it when dear faſhion drives?

Smart beaux, whom ſtern cynics call rational apes,
Haſte hither to ſhew their fine cloaths and fine ſhapes,
They know *Shakeſpeare's* name,
And have heard of his fame,
Though his merit their ſhallow conception eſcapes.

Some

Some authors, ſome critics, ſome actors advance,
Gay fidlers of Rome, and trim barbers of France;
Lords, ladies, and ſquires
Confeſs ſtrong deſires,
To join the gay round of our Jubilee dance,

Would any one miſs then, this great Jubilee,
Where ſo much you may hear and ſo much you may ſee,
Since in approbation
The wiſe corporation
Will give each a ſlip of the mulberry tree.

Scrapeall. A mighty hopeful deſcription, I muſt confeſs.

Sir. John. Ay, ay, the ſong's well enough; but there's a blind fiddler that plays at my houſe who ſings three times as loud; he rattles away old Roger, the hunting of the Fox, Bumper ſquire Jones, and Roaſt Beef, till he makes my great hall ring again.—Body o'me it would do any body good to hear him.

Scrapeall. Ah, ſir John, there's nothing better than old ſongs—but old gold.

Sir John. Well friend you muſt order us a couple of beds with well aired ſheets and we'll think of ſomewhat for ſupper preſently.

Longcork. Supper you may have gentlemen, from five ſhillings to five guineas, but as to a bed in this houſe you could not have one for any ſum.

Sir John. Not a bed!—how ſo, fellow?

Long. Lord ſir, they have been all beſpoke theſe fix weeks; would you believe it; lord Blazingſtar has engaged the rooſt of one of our chambermaids four ſtory high, and lady Betty Soylainet is obliged to content herſelf with an oſtler's apartment over the ſtables.

Sir John. Very pretty accommodation truly!—look ye, ſirrah, beds we muſt and will have.

Scrap.

Scrape. Ay or we'll ſtop them out of the bill.

Long. Muſt and will have! — So you may gentlemen if you can get them. — Let me ſee — I would oblige you if I could — there is an alderman of the town who has one bed diſengaged, and I believe you may have it three nights for five guineas.

Scrape. Five guineas, coxcomb! — I had rather paſs three nights in purgatory; what do you think we coin or find our money, Scapegrace? Jubilee, quotha! give it the right name, the High Seaſon at Bath, where the Extravagants *eat* ſilver

Sir John. Hold! they ſhan't rob us, old Truepenny — we'll prime our noddles and when they can hold up no longer e'en take a nap in our chairs; ſo there's bite the biter. — The devil's in it if Yorkſhire and Change-alley can't be a match for Stratford upon Avon at any time.

Scrapeall. Why that is true, yet I wiſh we had gone the other road, and miſſed this confounded Jubilee. — Egad there is an excellent thought come into my head, couſin; I'll go inquire if any body deals in Lottery Tickets, and if I meet with a chap, it ſhall go hard if I do not tickle his ſoft ſide out of as much as will pay our thieviſh expences.

Sir. John. Well ſaid old Two-and-go-three, in the mean time I will remove to the garden for air, here Jack, Tom, Jonathan, what is your name? carry the remains of that bottle, into an arbour, or ſummer houſe and I will follow you.

Long. This way, this way, Sir; — what a couple of bears they are! [*Aſide.*

Sir John. Succeſs, old Main-chance.

Scrap. Ah ſomebody had need mind the main chance; or elſe your Jubilee folks, would ſoon turn the world topſy turvy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter,

Enter Lord Spangle *and* Toupee.

L. Spang. So at length we have gained, this occasional ſeat of mimic elegance. — How long have we been coming the laſt fifty miles?

Toupee. Exactly four hours, ten minutes and thirty-five ſeconds by my ſtop watch, my lord.

L. Spangle. Pretty tolerable driving — though the minutes and ſeconds were quite unneceſſary. — Don't you think I may lay the odds upon doing it under three and a half?

Toupee. Moſt certainly, my lord, with relays of your nag tailed bays, the full tailed blacks, and the ſwitched roans.

L. Spangle. Mum then — ſay no more — now muſt I lay myſelf out for one of Moore's flying Phaetons without horſes, and then brother knowing ones have at ye. — Ring the bell Toupee; order my baggage to the lodgings and afterwards attend me here.

[*Exit* Toupee.

Enter Longcork.

Long. Did you call, Sir! — oh, my lord — I beg your lordſhip ten thouſand pardons.

L. Spangle. Lord! prithee fellow haſt thou ever ſeen me before? or doſt thou read nobility in my face?

Long. Ah my lord many a half crown have I touched of your money.

L. Spangle. Ay! my glaſs to recognize this old acquaintance. — What Longcork from the Piazzas?

Long. The very ſame and entirely at your lordſhip's ſervice.

L. Spangle. Thou haſt been ſerviceable in the affairs of love, and may'ſt be ſo again. — Any of the game expected here

Long.

Long. Great plenty my lord, of practiſed ladies for country gentlemen; and I make no doubt but there will be rare poaching for experienced ſportſmen among unflush'd game; we ſhipped off from Bow-ſtreet and the garden three waggon loads laſt week: — Forty-five, as we call Bet Tawdry, is to paſs here for a baronet's daughter — Sall Bottlenoſe for a young clergyman's widow, Suky Trapes for a country girl, and Peggy Nimwell, all your lordſhip's acquaintances — for an Eaſt-India captain's lady.

L. Spangle. Excellent! — the game hunted down by us gallants of faſhion do well enough for miſtreſſes, or even wives, for fellows in this part of the world, but have you fixed your eye on nothing freſh yet Longcork: no ſoft, blooming, languiſhing fair, on whom a few ſoft words a few promiſes with a ſilk gown or two could prevail; point out ſuch a one, and ten goldfinches in one cage ſhall chirp a moſt engaging piece of muſic to reward thee.

Long. I am bound to you, my lord, and ſhall have a ſharp look out.

L. Spangle. But ſnug let it be; for the impertinent hungry news writers do ſo ſearch out and baſtinado the modiſh failings of nobility; that a peer can not debauch his neighbour's wife or daughter with any ſafety; and hypocriſy is become almoſt as eſſential to us as to a Moorfields preacher.

Long. Inſolent villains! their pens ſhould be crammed down their throats: I ſhall be as ſecret as a free-maſon my lord — not even a ſign ſhall blab.

L. Spangle. Enough: nature deſigned thee for a ſucceſsful miniſter of intrigues and in due time I'll recommend thee to a ſnug place in the cuſtoms. — Men of merit ſhould be rewarded.

Long. I thank your lordſhip; but I would not give up my preſent perquiſites to be any thing under a comptroller? beſides I can only juſt ſcrawl my name.

L. Spangle. That's hard! — then thou art fit for nothing but a commiſſioner. — Hey day, either my glaſs deceives me, or that ſpirited fair-one, lady Spanker, approaches: — 'tis ſhe faith.

Enter Lady Spanker.

What no people of faſhion yet! — no real Jubilee! — oh, my lord Spangle, your preſence has relieved me from the deplorable apprehenſions that I was the only perſon of condition arrived.

L. Spangle. Your ladyſhip's moſt obedient; Stratford has on Shakeſpeare's account been always admitted the region of poetry; but, enlightened by lady Spanker's preſence, it ſhines forth the hemiſphere of beauty.

L. Spanker. Politely, flattering, I confeſs, my lord; but perhaps at preſent I am fluſhed with a little accidental beauty; for about half an hour ſince, as I was driving my phaeton and four, at the rate of fourteen miles an hour; an odious chimney ſweeper's ſavage aſs, ſet up his horrid bray, ſtarted my cream colours, turned them out of the road, and tipped me head-foremoſt into a ditch.

L. Spang. Alarming chance! both the two legged and the four legged aſs ſhould have been ſacrificed to your ladyſhip's perilous ſituation: I am determined to bring in an act next ſeſſions to prevent any ſuch animals from appearing by day-light.

L. Spank. Why indeed my lord it is a pity that creatures who have no adequate idea of quality, ſhould exiſt at all. — I will requeſt my uncle, ſir Toby Hubble

Hubblebubble, to ſupport your patriotic motion.—Has your lordſhip any thing at Newmarket for the next meeting.

L. Spang. Nothing, madam—my roan by Regulus broke down in a trial ſweat laſt week and muſt forfeit two hundred—my grey filly has put out a ſpavin and my bay by Sampſon has ſlipped a ſhoulder.

L. Spank. Quite unfortunate; I am matched againſt captain Clumſy a three mile heat which I expect to win hollow; for you know he rides like a woolpack.

L. Spang. True madam—ha! ha! ha!

L. Spank. I have a match depending alſo with lord Scapegrace for five hundred a ſide on leaping five barred gates—bets run pretty even.

L. Spang. I will back your ladyſhip in both—ſix to four for any ſum.

L. Spank. That is encouragement however—and I have been in cloſe training theſe ſix weeks—do not you think my lord the Sampſons have ſhewn more bottom than Foot of late?—little Gimcrack he is the ſtar of the turf, I would freely give two thouſand for him; then as a groom theres Singleton beats the globe; I hope when he dies, for he muſt fall as well as Alexander, Marlborough, and other great men; I hope there will be a Jubilee of commemoration appointed for him at Newmarket.—I am ſure he deſerves it much better than the old muſty ſcribbler Shakeſpeare; ſo fine a finger, ſo ſteady a hand, ſo firm a ſeat; in ſhort he rides ſo well that if the fellow had but genteel blood in his veins I think no lady could refuſe him for a huſband.

L. Spang. Your ladyſhip's approbation does his merit ſingular honour and the preference given againſt Shakeſpeare is moſt happily judicious; no critic of

any delicacy, can bear the fellow's hum drum pieces now.

L. Spank. Quite intolerable.—Though if ſome of them were turned into ſinging affairs they might be endured well enough, the opera of Hamlet; the opera of Othello; the opera of Richard; in ſhort, the opera of every thing, to baniſh that antiquated barbarous word Tragedy.—But my Lord, have you fixed upon your character for the maſquerade yet.

L. Spang. Not yet, madam; if your Ladyſhip, as in real life, will perſonate Venus; I muſt conſequently attempt the character of Adonis.

L. Spank. Infinitely polite! but my choice rather bends to the Queen of the Amazons.

L. Spang. Then madam you will metamorphoſe me into Alexander, who was her admirer.

L. Spank. Well, ſince I find there is no eſcape from your exceſſive gallantry it ſhall be ſo—that valuable creature Mr. Paſquin the habit-man, from Taviſtock-Street is to be here with at infinite variety; if it is agreeable to your lordſhip we will have a view.

L. Spang. It is happineſs to attend Lady Spanker any where.

L. Spank. Then we will ſtep firſt to the ſtable; give ſome directions about my cream colours and proceed immediately. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Emmeline *and* Jackonet.

Emmel. Well I vow, Jackonet, this flying from place to place is pure. What would my old papa ſay now if he knew that I was come to the Jubilee?

Jack. Say! why the ſame that all ſuch old cuffs as he would ſay upon the ſame occaſion; that you was a wild mad-headed girl, that you was a flaunting baggage,

baggage, that you did not know the pains required to get money, nor the value of it when got; that your head runs upon whirligigs and that you think of nothing but plays, aſſemblies fine cloaths and fine ſweethearts.

Emmel. Ha! ha! ha! well I vow you take him off to a hair; if it was not for my aunt Fiddle-de-dee, I ſhould have known no circumſtance of polite life I ſhould have been fit for nothing but mending ſtockings and making pies, if it was not for her I ſhould not have you to wait on me, Jackonet.—He would have brought me up juſt ſuch an unfaſhionable creature as himſelf; but nature has given me ſpirit, and my aunt has given me taſte; ſo I am reſolved not to be ſhut up in the horrid ſmoke of Watling ſtreet any longer.

Jack. You are perfectly in the right of it, madam; get yourſelf tranſplanted to Groſvenor, Berkley, or Cavendiſh Square as ſoon as poſſible; ſet up a vis-a-vis beſpeak an elegant ſedan of four hundred guineas price; hire two of the handſomeſt chairmen, and ſix of the genteeleſt footmen than can be found; with every other a rticle of a grand houſehold, keep viſiting days, routs, &c. and ſhine forth an ornament of the gay world.

Emmel. Raviſhing picture!—What an unreaſonable mortal is this Papa of mine to think I would give up ſuch a round of delights; for that hateful creature Omnium, the change broker, and his country houſe at Iſlington. Did I ever ſing you a ſong I made upon being plagued to have him, Jackonet?

Jack. Not that I recollect, madam.

Emmel. Then you ſhall have it,

SONG.

SONG.

How cruel, Papa, to inſiſt upon that,
Which nature muſt always deny,
How can you reſiſt a denial ſo flat?
Before you ſhall force me I'll die.
'Tis baſe in the tonge, to proclaim a fair ſhow:
When fill'd with abhorrence the heart cries out no.

Love only ſhall ever diſpoſe of my hand,
Love only ſhall make me a wife;
No parent has juſtly a right to command.
To command away comfort, for life,
My Tongue then ſhall never proclaim a fair ſhow
When filled with abhorrence, my heart cries out no.

Jack. A good reſolution and well expreſſed, madam; I recollect a ſhort ballad much to the ſame purpoſe; I'll endeavour to give it you as well as I can, *Emmel*, I long to hear it of all things.

SONG, *Jackonet*.

The ſubject of marriage
So oft meets miſcarriage,
'Tis tickliſh for maidens to try;
Gallants in this matter
So oft lie and flatter,
We ſcarce can tell how to comply.
Since ſeeking a bleſſing we oft meet a curſe,
When bluſhing, we anſwer, for better for worſe.

Should parents preſuming,
Like tyrants aſſuming,
Unkindly forbid a free choice:
The girl who has ſpirit
Will freedom inherit,
By liſt'ning to nature's kind voice,

If

If I am to be wretched I'll chuſe my own curſe,
And the man of my heart take, for better for worſe.

Emmel. Admirable! Jackonet, you ſhall be firſt lady of my bed-chamber, and ſhall have my wedding cloaths.—Sir Charles promiſed to meet me here this evening, and, when the enchanting Jubilee is over, we ſhall fly for Scotland immediately.

Jack. A charming convenient country that, for matrimonial affairs, madam,—heigh ho!—I wiſh I was taking a trip there with one I know, upon the ſame occaſion.—The invitation which carried your father into Yorkſhire at this critical time was very fortunate.

Emmel. The luckieſt thing in the world, the very name of a Jubilee would have frightened him out of his ſenſes!—But, Jackonet—what would you have me get for the maſquerade?

Jack. Lard, madam! there is ſuch a variety, that it is almoſt impoſſible to adviſe. When I lived with lady Bab. Rattle, ſhe employed ſix hours a day for three months, and could ſcarce fix upon any thing at laſt;—one day ſhe would be a Turk; the next a Chriſtian; the third a Chineſe; the fourth a Dutch woman; next a Heathen Goddeſs; then a Savoyard; ſoon after a gipſy, a witch, and twenty others:—at laſt ſhe thought of transforming herſelf into a moving bee-hive, intimating that beauty is pregnant with the ſtings of love—but, alas! upon entering the ball-room, ſhe ſaw two other bee-hives dancing a cotilion with the ſun, the moon, a bear, an oſtrich, Hamlet's ghoſt, and an animated butter-caſk.—This had ſuch an effect upon her, that ſhe retired immediately, and almoſt fretted herſelf into a conſumption.

Emmel. Poor lady! ſuch terrible ſhocks muſt hurt any conſtitution; I have cauſe enough myſelf; but a

good

good heart and pleaſing hopes bear me up.—I would have a dreſs odd and whimſical—I'll make a bargain with you, Jackonet; you ſhall chuſe for me and I'll chuſe for you.

Jack. As you pleaſe, madam!—Bleſs me, yonder's one of Sir Charles's men come poſt haſte into the yard—his maſter muſt be near at hand!

Emmel. Oh dear! I am ſo tumbled and toſſed with the journey—my head is in ſuch terrible diſorder,—I can't ſee Sir Charles in this pickle, poſitively.

Jack. If you pleaſe, madam, I'll call the chamber-maid to ſhew a private room and put you to rights: in a quarter of an hour you ſhall look ſo killingly, that the baronet's impatience for Scotland ſhall make him think the Jubilee ſeven years long.

Emmel. Come then, dear Jackonet—do make me look very killingly, and every ſilk ſack and petticoat I have at preſent, ſhall be your's when we return from Scotland. [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE THE FIRST.

Sir JOHN HEARTY *and* SCRAPEALL.

Sir JOHN.

WHAT! no lottery gudgeons in this town?

SCRAPEALL.

No, no, Sir John; I could pick up nothing but a premium of ten ſhillings for number forty-five—they are all jubilee gudgeons here.—When I aſked a bookſelling fellow, who dabbles a little that way, whether he wanted any tickets—he anſwered—Shakeſpeare is to be crowned to-morrow; and his wife, before I could open my mouth again, ſaid, there was to be a maſquerade to-morrow, which every-body would be at.—For my part, I think they are all Shakeſpeare-mad, and I wiſh we were fairly out of the town.

Sir JOHN.

Body o'me, why ſo? Can't people be merry and wiſe?—For my own part, I ſhould like to ſtay and ſee the fun—ay and we will, old True-penny.—When it is over, I'll take you to ſuch gardens, groves, and purling ſtreams in Yorkſhire, as ſhall make you young again.

SCRAPEALL.

With your leave, Sir John, I had rather go back to London.—Pray where can you find a garden of equal value to that of Covent Garden?—Where can you match the golden grove of Lombard ſtreet?—Where meet more delightful retreats than the arbours of the Alley?—Where more comfortable walks than thoſe of the Exchange, or a ſtream equal to the Thames between Bridge and Deptford? Beſides, I am very uneaſy about my girl, ſhe's at the tickliſh age of nineteen, has twenty thouſand pounds at her own diſpoſal, when of age, beſides the inheritance of all my eſtate.

Sir JOHN.

What, then, friend, touch and take, ten to one, do all you can, ſhe'll pleaſe herſelf at laſt, and throw herſelf away upon ſome poverty-ſtruck lord, who, being out at the elbows, will marry her money to mend bad circumſtances; then keep a miſtreſs to pleaſe his inclinations.

SCRAPEALL.

I am no friend to popery, yet I wiſh we had nunneries amongſt us to lock up head-ſtrong young huſſies.—Ah, why had not I a ſon? by this time he might have been thoroughly educated in thoſe ſchools of uſeful knowledge, Lloyd's and Jonathan's—I might have lived to ſee him double my fortune.

Sir JOHN.

Why, then, old boy, ſince you can't be ſure who will get it, or how it may go, take my advice and

regale

regale yourſelf with a little of it before you are ſhipped off for the other world.—Now I am here, I'm reſolved to ſee what ſort of an affair this jubilee is—though I ſuppoſe it won't be half ſo good as a country feaſt or a fox chace.

SCRAPEALL.

No, nor half ſo fine as my Lord Mayor's ſhow, which may be ſeen for nothing into the bargain.

Sir JOHN.

Nothing! prithee don't grumble ſo in the gizzard—it is my humour to ſee what all this buſtle's about; and if you'll promiſe to throw off your melancholy face, body o'me, I'll bring you off ſcot free—I'll pay for both; I have three hundred pounds a quarter, and don't wiſh to ſave a ſhilling of it.

SCRAPEALL.

As you pleaſe, Sir John.—What a prodigal old fool it is. *(Aſide.)*

Sir JOHN.

Beſides, man, I never ſaw a coronation in my life; and, for aught I know, the crowning of king Shakeſpeare may be as pretty a piece of diverſion as the crowning of any other king—ſo bruſh up your phiz, and we'll ſally forth to ſee what's ſtirring.

SCRAPEALL.

I follow, Sir John—I wiſh I knew how Eaſt-India ſtock was done to-day; and what news there is from the Nabobs. *(Exeunt.)*

SCENE II. *A Maſquerade Shop.*

PASQUIN *and* SLEEKEM.

PASQUIN.

Well, if every freedom preſented in a mulberry-box was to produce a maſquerade, I could wiſh all the authors, actors, and critics in England were made burgeſſes of Stratford—I ſhall love the name of Shakeſpeare as long as I live. What a delightful buſtle does this jubilee make! ſo many country 'ſquires and their ladies, who know nothing of the matter, apply for dreſſes, that we can fleece them genteelly—but what of that? they, in return, will rack their tenants; and the tenants conſequently raiſe proviſions; ſo that, upon the whole, no-body is affected but the low mechanical vulgar, whom nature has formed as mere neceſſary utenſils for the ſport and profit of us in polite ſpheres of life.

SLEEKEM.

Why, Sir, this promiſes fair to beat the royal maſquerade.

PASQUIN.

Moſt certainly—we had too many of the knowing ones there—here we ſhall have well-fledged tame pigeons to pluck in plenty.—Let me hear how articles ſtand in the memorandum-book for to day.

SLEEKEM.

Touchſtone's dreſs for Alderman Numſkull.

PAS-

PASQUIN.

Never were the cap and bells more happily adapted; though in chuſing the dreſs, his worſhip obſerved, that as the world thought him a wiſe man, he was for once reſolved to look and play the fool—which in reality he does every day of his life.

SLEEKEM.

For Mr. Alderman———

PASQUIN.

Pſhaw, pſhaw, ſkip all the corporation—I furniſh them and their wives for nothing, which is a little hard; but as they have countenanced this polite ſheep ſhearing, I muſt make other people pay for them, and the unconſcionable long credit expected by moſt of my quality cuſtomers.

SLEEKEM.

Lady Giggle the habit of a veſtal.

PASQUIN.

A veſtal! ha! ha! ha! ha!—moſt admirable, as Numſkull's outſide will deſcribe exactly what he is—her ladyſhip's garment will ſhow what ſhe abſolutely is not.—Go on.

SLEEKEM.

The veſt, drawers and axe of an execution for Mr. Whim—the maſk to be truly diſmal.

PASQUIN.

How! what! an executioner and an axe!—who the devil ever heard of ſuch a character in a maſquerade?—You might as well introduce a rope at St. Giles's.

Giles's.—Scratch it out immediately—why, it would not only frighten all the ladies, but half the noblemen preſent out of their ſenſes.—Out with it, I'll lend no *memento mori*, unleſs it be Hamlet's ghoſt.

SLEEKEM.

Nancy Pickup, from the Garden—a nun's dreſs.

PASQUIN.

Very good, the reverſe of reality again—a wolf in lamb's cloathing.—This article goes on tick, but Nancy's a girl of honour, and will pay well if the bait takes.

SLEEKEM.

Mr. Eitherſide, a Nabob's dreſs.

PASQUIN.

What, Dick Eitherſide, the Swiſs news-paper ſcribbler—the compoſer of ghoſts, bloody murders, and barbarous ballads, the fellow that dives for a dinner four days a week, and faſts the other three—that would kill or marry any-body with his pen for ſix-pence—he a Nabob!

SLEEKEM.

Sir, he ſays he has written ſix letters, dated Avon, to the Public Advertiſer; ſix copies of verſes, four epigrams, and twenty puff paragraphs to raiſe public curioſity; ſo he claims it gratis as a right, and ſays, if you don't comply, he'll anatomize you; but if you do, he promiſes to recommend and promote maſquerades as much as poſſible.

PASQUIN.

Well, let the poor raſcal have his humour this once.—What's next?

SLEEKEM.

Sir John Aſiaticus, the apparatus of a blind fiddler.

PASQUIN.

Hey-day!—Hey-day! why this is maſquerading with a witneſs. Nabob turned beggar, and a beggar turned Nabob.—Go on.

SLEEKEM.

Mrs. Lapell, a ſultana.

PASQUIN.

Oh the advertiſing taylor's wife—let her be charged double price, becauſe the ſcoundrel her huſband works ſo low as fifteen per cent. profit; the ne—oh, I hear ſome cuſtomers—mind, Sleekem, your beſt bow, a ſmooth tongue and a right ſmirking Taviſtock-ſtreet countenance.

Enter Mrs. DUMPLIN *and* TOBY.

Mrs. DUMPLIN.

Are you the perſon who furniſhes maſquerade affairs?

PASQUIN.

Yes, Madam; and tho' I ſay it, can produce the richeſt variety in England: I have habits from one guinea to ten for the night, with Venetian and caricatura maſks in abundance. My ſhop, in the jocular

lar ſtile, Madam, may be called a mill to grind old people young.—Pleaſe to look over my book of figures, Madam—you'll find them a moſt noble collection from Cleopatra to Mother Shipton; from Pekin in China, to John a Groat's houſe in Scotland. You have every thing remarkable in that volume—look it over, Madam, and, in the mean time, I'll conſult the young gentleman's taſte, that we may accomodate him agreeably.

Mrs. DUMPLIN.

Very well, friend—the boy may pleaſe himſelf,—he has a good taſte—and is as ſharp as a needle?

TOBY.

Ay, ay, moother, ſharp enough for matter o'that—Toby Dumplin knows which ſide his bread's buttered on, tho'f he has never getten to London yet.

PASQUIN.

That's a pity indeed, young gentleman; though from your politeneſs and faſhionable appearance I ſhould not have ſuſpected ſo much.

TOBY.

Iſe very mickle obliged to your good-natures. To be-ſeere all voaks in our town ſay as how I be a pratty lad, and almoſt as woiſe as parſon, potecary, or exciſeman.

PASQUIN.

No doubt of it, Sir; but as time will rather preſs, let us to buſineſs: What would you chooſe to appear in?

TOBY.

Nay, I know not.

PAS-

PASQUIN.

Suppoſe then as a Turk?

TOBY.

Then I mun have a turbut on my head and whiſkers on my face.

Mrs. DUMPLIN.

What did you ſay, a Turk?—No, no, you ſhan't make an infidel of my child neither—any thing elſe he pleaſes.

TOBY.

Do, moother, let me have wiſkers; I ſhall look ſo pure and ſo comical.—He! he! he!

Mrs. DUMPLIN.

It muſt not be.—Any thing elſe, I ſay.

PASQUIN.

What think you of a cardinal's dreſs then, to make him a very good Chriſtian?

Mrs. DUMPLIN.

By no means; I hate the Pope as much as I do Mahomet. Any thing elſe the boy likes.

PASQUIN.

As you ſeem to like the comic ſtrain, ſuppoſe you perſonate a Dutchman, with a ſhort pipe in your mouth?

TOBY.

Whoy, well enough; but not ſo well as wiſkers though.

Mrs. DUMPLIN.

A Dutchman! Oh, frightful! ſpoil the boy's fine ſhape with filthy great breeches! make him all bottom and no top!—No, no; any thing elſe.

TOBY.

Why, moother, I thinks as how this any thing elſe, will come to nothing at laſt.

PASQUIN.

Well ſaid, young gentleman; I think ſo too.

Mrs. DUMPLIN.

Well, to cut the matter ſhort, I'll chooſe for him. Let me ſee, as my dear Mr. Dumplin is not above two months dead, I would pay ſome reſpect to his memory in my appearance.—Can you make me repreſent Niobe, Sir?

PASQUIN.

Exactly, Madam; I have the fineſt weeping maſk in the world.

Mrs. DUMPLIN.

Tolerable features, I hope.

PASQUIN.

Exquiſitely delicate; a moſt attractive picture of beauty in diſtreſs.

Mrs. DUMPLIN.

Enough: though my heart is buried with my huſband, one would not appear deformed, you know.

TOBY.

Moother! moother! here's a feace now for all the world like auld Cicely's, our black-pooding wife:—and here's one as like the vicar as two peaſe; what a rare handle it has! For my part, I think they ha' getten half our town here.

Enter

Enter Captain BLARNEY.

Madam, your moſt obedient—Sir, I'm yours alſo.

Mrs. DUMPLIN.

Upon my word, a handſome portly figure! (*Aſide.*

Captain BLARNEY.

You muſt know, I come by long ſea, over land.

PASQUIN.

I hope you have had a pleaſant journey.

[*Exeunt* Toby *and* Sleekem.

Captain BLARNEY.

Well enough for that, only I was like to be ſhipwrecked ſix miles off.

PASQUIN.

Six miles off! Why, we have not the ſea within many miles of this place, Sir.

Captain BLARNEY.

Sea! by my ſoul it was the turnpike-road.—I'll tell you about it, honeys.—As my horſe was trotting along, in a fine eaſy walk, a ſpalpeen thief catches hold of the bridle, and ſays, Your money, or your life!—Ara, nabackleſh, ſays I, why would you depoſe upon a ſtranger? I am going to the jubilee, and this is not ſo civil now. Oh, devil burn you, ſays he, Terence, (it is my name ſure enough) if you go to the jubilee, you'll be robb'd there, ſo you may as well be robbed here; and if you don't, I'll ſhoot you through the head.

Mrs. DUMPLIN.

Oh dear, what a terrible fellow! You was in great danger, Sir.

Captain BLARNEY.

Ara, nothing at all when a body's us'd to it!—And ſo, as I was after telling you, cuſh la ma cree, when I would not give my ſplenters to the Raparee, he fired his piſtol ſtrait at me of one ſide: though as luck would have it, it did not go off neither; ſo I ups with little ſweet lips, ſhillela, that never miſs'd fire in its life, and giving him a ſtouter on the noggin, I laid him as flat as a flounder, agra.

PASQUIN.

Bravely done, upon my word, Sir.

Mrs. DUMPLIN.

Upon my word, Sir, it is very happy he did not get up again and murder you.

Captain BLARNEY.

Oh, by my ſoul, he's ſafe enough for that; he's as dead as Henry the Eighth. Why, he told me himſelf that he was dead; and ſo I ſaid, if he did not like it, he might carry himſelf to a ſurgeon, and get his head heel-tapp'd.

Mrs. DUMPLIN.

Very witty and clever, I vow.

Captain BLARNEY.

I am glad you like it—Glogha too ſneeſhen—Muſha, upon my ſoul, Madam, you're a very engageing perſon, and Captain Terence Blarney (meaning myſelf) would be very glad of a better acquaintance with you.

Mrs.

Mrs. DUMPLIN.

Your are very polite, Sir; but the loſs of a good huſband ſo lately, makes me indifferent to all the world.

Captain BLARNEY.

Upon my ſoul now, if you have had one good huſband, it is a very good reaſon you ſhould get another. My poor Sheela was buried at Monaghan laſt Friday ſe'nnight was five weeks, ſo I came to this Jubilee to look out for another; and, if your ladyſhip's not engaged, what's the reaſon but we may join giblets without any balderdaſh pribble-prabble?

PASQUIN.

Well ſaid, Captain; a right widow's man.

Mrs. DUMPLIN.

Lard, Sir, you overpower me;—ſo ſudden,—ſo ſhort an acquaintance.

Captain BLARNEY.

Ara, what magnifies that; muſt not every acquaintance be ſhort before it is long?—I'm a gentleman, every inch of me; I have a pretty little eſtate, after the man that owns it is dead: and you ſee I'm as well timbered about the legs and face, as one can meet in a long ſummer's day.

Mrs. DUMPLIN.

Your perſon is unexceptionable, Sir; and your manner very agreeable; but I muſt not think of marriage; I muſt not, indeed, Sir.

Captain

Captain BLARNEY.

By my ſoul, Gra ma cree, you may go further and fare worſe.

Enter TOBY, *dreſſed and maſqued as a monkey, ſkipping about.*

Mrs. DUMPLIN.

Oh, dear, Sir, defend me from that ugly creature! *(Runs into* Blaney's *arms.)*

Captain BLARNEY.

By my ſoul, and that I will, as long as there's a rag of ſhilleta together.

TOBY *ſqueaking.*

Do you know me?

Mrs. DUMPLIN.

Bleſs us! the thing ſpeaks!

TOBY.

Do you know me, Captain?

Captain BLARNEY.

Captain, ara; by what the devil relationſhip are we acquainted?

TOBY.

I knows you, but you don't know me.

Captain BLARNEY.

Keep off your fore foots; or, devil burn me, but I'll crack your noggin for you.

PASQUIN.

Ha! ha! ha!—Admirably performed, young gentleman! There's a dreſs! there's a maſk! as natural as any Eaſt-India jacko that ever came over.

TOBY.

TOBY.

Nay, now you have ſpoiled the maſquerading frolic; that young man told me what to ſay.—Is'n't it pure and comical, moother?

Mrs. DUMPLIN.

What, my graceleſs turned into a monkey! Would you make me mother of a baboon!—I'll teach you, ſirrah!

Captain BLARNEY.

Och, never heed it, it's only a trick of youth; he'll forget it when he grows old.

Mrs. DUMPLIN.

A trick of youth! Ill trick him: take this, ſirrah! and this! and this! *(Beats him.)*

TOBY.

Fine maſquerading this, Iſe ſure. *(Runs out.)*

Mrs. DUMPLIN.

Oh dear, this mad-headed boy will run out of doors, and have all the dogs in the ſtreet after his monkey's tail. *(Going off, returns.)* Oh, bleſs me, I'm ſo fluſtered, that I forgot to tell you, Sir, I lodge at the White Hart, where I ſhall be glad to ſee you at breakfaſt to-morrow morning.

Captain BLARNEY.

Och, and that I will, my jewel; and put a clumſey piece of toaſt under my girdle. But would not you let me touch your fair lips for good fellowſhip? Och, 'pon my ſoul they're ſweet as the honey of by-bla.

Mrs. DUMPLIN.

You flatter me.—I ſhall expect you, Sir. [*Exit.*

Captain BLARNEY.

Never fear, little Terence; don't you think, Mr. Maſcarade, the lady's in love with my parſon?

PASQUIN.

It looks very like it; but conſidering your country and addreſs, it is not at all ſurpriſing, Sir.

Captain BLARNEY.

Why, as you ſay it's very nat'ral for us Hibernians. A word in your ear: if ſhe has the mopus's, I'll have her as ſnug as a bug in a rug. You could not take part of a bottle, could you?

PASQUIN.

Buſineſs won't permit.

Captain BLARNEY.

Muſha, you ſhould be as welcome as flowers in May; you muſt get me ſome dreſs, either a cardinal, or a miller, or a ſweep-chimney, or any thing you like beſt yourſelf.

PASQUIN.

Very well, Sir, I ſhall endeavour to pleaſe you.

Captain BLARNEY.

Sir, your moſt obedient. *(Going backwards, joſtles Lord Spangle entering.)* I beg your pardon, young man; but if my ears had not ſeen you before you was in ſight, 'pon my ſoul I ſhould have walked on top of you. [*Exit.*

Lord

Lord SPANGLE.

What an over-grown Iriſh bear! Sure the creature has not been to hire a diſguiſe, Mr. Paſquin! Nature has made his whole figure a maſk of humanity.

PASQUIN.

Your Lordſhip's wit, like the ſun, will break out. He has ordered me to chuſe for him.

Lord SPANGLE.

Then pray provide a bull's hide, horns and all, that the monſter may have characteriſtic cloathing—Ha! ha! ha!

PASQUIN.

Brilliant to the laſt degree; quite the diamond cut—Ha! ha! ha!

Enter Lady SPANKER.

Lady SPANKER.

My Lord, I beg ten thouſand pardons, but I have been quite fluſtered ſince you left me; for that eternal talker, lady Mary Tattle, faſt held me ſo long by the ears, that I loſt all patience; then, tripping one foot as I came up ſtairs, an officious Iriſhman laid hold of this arm, and graſped it in ſuch a manner with his monſtrous paw, that I don't know whether it will recover ſtrength time enough to ride my October match at Newmarket.

Lord SPANGLE.

Provoking as well as painful.

Lady SPANKER.

Mr. Paſquin, your ſervant; is this affair like to be tolerably brilliant?

PASQUIN.

Entirely to your Ladyſhip's taſte, I believe.

Lady SPANKER.

Well, poſitively we of the turf muſt eſtabliſh a Newmarket Jubilee: I'll mention it to the Ducheſs of Foxchaſe, at our next meeting.

PASQUIN.

A deſign worthy ſuch ſpirited ladies.

Lord SPANGLE.

And I'll mention it in the Jockey-Club.

Lady SPANKER.

Then, my Lord, I'll lay ſix to four, the thing takes; we ſhall carry it quite hollow, and double diſtance Diſappointment.

Enter a footman, delivers two letters.

Lady SPANKER.

Black! black! what melancholy tales do theſe bring?—Your Lordſhip's excuſe—Um—um—your ſiſter, lady Charlotte, died this afternoon.—Poor Charlotte! ſhe was a good-natured girl, but wanted ſpirit: ſhe fell in love with a young fellow of inferior ſtation, and being croſſed, pined herſelf into a conſumption, which carried her off. Well, that's better than diſgracing the family. *(Reads again)* Your ladyſhip's bay hunter, Buck, was ſeized with

with the ſtaggers, and died in five minutes.—Unfortunate chance! inſupportable loſs!—ſo fine a creature!—beſides, there will be two hundred and fifty forfeit on my play or pay Bargate Match; I can never endure it.—Miſerable woman!

Lord SPANGLE.

Madam, I allow the ſtroke to be very affecting; but, as ſome alleviation, permit me to preſent you with my roan colt, Stag; as the phraſe is, he can ſnuff the moon, and will take the knowing-ones in deeply,

Lady SPANKER.

Your Lordſhip is the very eſſence of conſolation: I'll have Stag to my leaping-bar, and throw him into training next week.—Now, if you pleaſe to divert my mind from poor Buck, we'll go into the inner warehouſe-room, and fix upon our maſquerade habiliments.—Come, Mr. Paſquin.

PASQUIN.

I attend your Ladyſhip. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir JOHN, *and* SCRAPEALL.

Sir JOHN.

So, after hard limping of your ſide, cuz, we have reached the place at laſt; and now we'll ſee what they have got.

SCRAPEALL.

Ay, ay, foolery enough, I warrant.

Sir JOHN

Hey-day! *(Taking up a cap)* pray what's this young man?

SLEEKEM.

A cuckold's cap, at your ſervice.

Sir JOHN.

My ſervice! Will you wear it, ſquare-toes? Nay, you need not ſtart ſo: "Cæſar and Pompey," as the old ſong ſays—What are all theſe?

SLEEKEM.

Maſks to cover the faces, and mark characters.

SCRAPEALL.

Characters! I believe you deal in very ſuſpicious characters. Why theſe baubles can only be fit for ſuch as are, or ſhould be aſhamed to ſhow their faces.

Sir JOHN.

Body o'me, here's one grins like a monkey; and there's ſo many, I don't know how to chooſe.

SLEEKEM.

If you pleaſe to walk that way, gentlemen, my maſter will help you to a choice immediately.

Sir JOHN.

Well ſaid, lad. Come, old Multiplication.

SCRAPEALL.

Ah, ſtocks muſt fall at this rate. [*Exeunt.*

SLEEKEM.

A rare trade this of ours; it takes in all from ſixty to ſixteen.

Sir CHARLES, EMMELINE, *and* JACKONET.

Sir CHARLES.

My dear Emmeline, the cordial punctuality of this meeting has confirmed me yours for ever.

EMMELINE.

I aſſure you, Sir Charles, Jackonet has been an active and ſtedfaſt friend in your favour.

Sir CHARLES.

I hope I have not been ungrateful; and if ſhe has an inclination to follow your example, Madam, I'll endeavour to procure her a good huſband.

JACKONET.

I thank you, Sir; but, according to the old proverb, I muſt pleaſe my eyes, though I plague my heart.

Sir CHARLES.

Then to our buſineſs.—Here, ſhew your book of dreſſes, young man. [*Retire.*

Enter Sir JOHN, *and* SCRAPEALL.

SCRAPEALL.

Poſitively, Sir John, I'll ſtay no longer. What! ſix guineas for two dreſſes one night? Why it is abſolute robbery.

EMME-

EMMELINE.

Now, I think, Sir Charles, this infinitely pretty.

SCRAPEALL.

Bleſs me, what's this! my Emmy?

EMMILINE.

Oh la, papa! what, what ſhall I do?

SCRAPEALL.

Pretty! ay, it is pretty, huſſey, to meet you here without my conſent, without my knowledge, without my———Ad, I have loſt all patience. And who is this fellow? I'll make an example of him for running away with an heireſs.

JACKONET.

Why don't you think ſhe able and willing enough to run away with herſelf, Sir?

SCRAPEALL.

Is ſhe ſo, Mrs. Prate-a-pace! Ay, you're a hopeful maid of her aunt's providing: I know you well, ſauce-box, and I'll turn over a new leaf. But who are you, ſcape-grace?

Sir CHARLES.

I am a gentleman, Sir, and not uſed to abuſive language. To ſpeak of myſelf may not be ſo proper, but my father, Sir Robert Planwell, was generally

generally known and eſteemed in the North of England.

Sir JOHN.

What, are you Bob Planwell's ſon of Lincolnſhire? As honeſt a fellow, couſin Scrapeall, as ever toſſed off a tankard!

SCRAPEALL.

But did he know any thing of the Alley?

Sir CHARLES

If he did not, I do, Sir; I have employed all my ſpare caſh theſe five years in the ſtocks. Why, Sir, I have wrote two letters, dated India, to come over land, by Holland, one of which will raiſe that ſtock twenty per cent. and the other fall it thirty. Now, Sir, if you will countenance my pretenſions to your daughter, I'll kill Heyder Ally, and make him conquer Madraſs, as often as you pleaſe to ſell out or buy in.

SCRAPEALL.

Nay, if that's the caſe, you may be a hopeful young fellow: but I hate a title. Howevever, if you can make what you ſay appear—

Sir CHARLES.

If not, Sir, I requeſt no favour.

Sir JOHN.

Why, that's honeſt; and ſince you have all met together, I'll take care to bring you to a right underſtand-

understanding. I wear a title myself, and I'm no rogue for all that. We'll see what's to be seen here, and then all for Yorkshire, where we'll be as merry as grigs. But, d'ye hear, no more objections to titles, for

Titled or plain, still judge upon this plan,
That the heart only manifests the man.

FINIS.